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[The following exquisite and stirring dirge was written by the late Theodore O'Hara, and read on the occasion of the re-interment of the remains of Daniel Boone in the cemetery at Frankfort, Ky., on the 13th day of September, 1845. As the 7th instant was the one hundredth anniversary of the day on which Boone and his six comrades reached the top of Laurel Mountain and for the first time cast his eyes upon the vast and beautiful domain that was destined to link his name to immortality, it is fitting that we republish O'Hara's poem as commemorative of the brave old pioneer.—Ed. News.]

THE OLD PIONEER.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Knight-errant of the wood!
Calmly beneath the green sod here
He rests from field and flood;
The war-whoop and the panther's screams
No more his soul shall rouse,
For well the aged hunter dreams
Beside his good old spouse.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Hushed now his rifle's peal;
The dews of many a vanish'd year
Are on his rusted steel;
His horn and pouch lie moldering
Upon the cabin door;
The elk rests by the salted spring,
Nor flees the fierce wild boar.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Old Druid of the West!
His offering was the fleet wild deer,
His shrine the mountain's crest.
Within his wildwood temple's space
An empire's towers nod,
Where erst, alone of all his race,
He knelt to Nature's God.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Columbus of the land!
Who guided freedom's proud career
Beyond the conquer'd strand;
And gave her pilgrim sons a home
No monarch's step profanes,
Free as the chainless winds that roam
Upon its boundless plains.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
The muffled drum resound!
A warrior is slumb'ring here
Beneath his battle-ground.
For not alone with beast of prey
The bloody strife he waged,
Foremost where'er the deadly fray
Of savage combat raged.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
A dirge for his old spouse!
For her who blest his forest cheer,
And kept his birchen house.
Now soundly by her chieftain may
The brave old dame sleep on,
The red man's step is far away,
The wolf's dread howl is gone.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
His pilgrimage is done;
He hunts no more the grizzly bear
About the setting sun.
Weary at last of chase and life,
He laid him here to rest,
Nor rocks he now what sport or strife
Would tempt him further west.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
The patriarch of his tribe!
He sleeps—no pompous pile marks where,
No lines his deeds describe.
They raised no stone above him here,
Nor carved his deathless name—
An empire is his sepulchre,
His epitaph is Fame.

NOTE—The last stanza of this ode was written before Boone's monument had been erected.

NELLY WILLIAMS;

OR,

Love on the Ocean.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,
Author of "The Mutiny; or, Perils of the Deep."

CHAPTER XIIV.

THE FIRE-RAFT.

My sleep had done me so much good, and so completely set me up again, that when I looked back upon my fears and fancies in the night, I hardly believed it possible that I could have been guilty of such womanly weakness. My first act, of course, was to run up aloft with the glass: but there was nothing in sight, and now every hope I had cherished of the Waldershare remaining to cruise about for me vanished, and I saw that if I was to be rescued it would be by some strange vessel.

I hauled down the lantern and hoisted the flag, as I had done on the previous day, and then went to get some breakfast. There was plenty of tea in the store-room, and I felt that a pannikin of hot tea would have a wonderful relish for me.

I took a hatchet from the tool-chest and chopped up a quantity of wood, with which I made a good fire in the galley; and up in a corner of the galley I found a heap of coals which I threw upon the fire, and this made a noble show of smoke. I was delighted to see the smoke run up in a thick black line out of the galley chimney; it was as good as a beacon.

I filled the small copper with water, and soon had it boiling, and having brewed myself some strong tea, I carried it aft, and was presently seated at a fine breakfast of salt junk, biscuit, and preserved meat. This repast being over, I smoked a pipe, and then went to work to get some more of the deck-load overboard.

With the renewal of my strength hope revived in me. I do not say that I was buoyant. I believed that my only chance of salvation lay in some passing vessel; that days might pass without bringing a ship, although, such were the chances, a ship might heave in sight within the very next hour; and that therefore my life would depend upon this wreck continuing to float. But this was the very thing that gave me the hope I had. The more I saw of the brig the more was I satisfied with her great strength.

I persevered in my intention to get rid of the deck-load. Most of the larger planks obliged me to use the watch-tackle, as they were above my strength, and so the work progressed slowly; however, as one by one they went overboard there could be no question that their removal lightened the vessel. How much she rose I could not tell, for I had not noticed the exact point at which she lay submerged when I boarded her; but on looking over the side now my eye detected a sensible increase of height from the water's edge, and as every inch was something to the good, as offering more freeboard to the sea, I had no reason to regret my labor.

The sun went down and there was a noble sunset. All day long the sky had been full of light high clouds, like mother-o'-pearl, and they were still there; and now the red blaze found a thousand forms to catch and repeat in as many tints, like the echoing of a great sound that dwindles and dwindles into tiny liquid reverberations. There seemed to be no movement in these clouds at all. They made the heavens resemble a broad surface of mosaic work; but when the flash of the sunset spread through them, it was indeed a sight to kindle the eye to behold the dazzling pinks and crimsons, the soft haze of gold, the violet shadows lurking in the skirts, the orange of the fronts of

The sight of her set me all of a tremble; I was so used to searching without being rewarded for my pains, that this sail heaving in sight suddenly took away my breath. I removed the glass from my eye, but she was only the faintest speck to my naked gaze, and I should never have noticed her without the telescope. She was dead to windward, but how heading I could not make out. However, after watching her for some time, I found that she gradually sunk her canvas, at the same time that she was edging away to the eastward. I therefore concluded that she was standing to the north-east, and that she had come up from the westward and passed me, hull down, astern.

I watched her until the highest tip of her white canvas quivered on the horizon like the fluctuating gleam of a play of distant foam, and when she had vanished I searched the rest of the sea and then went below.

Strangely enough, I was sensible of no great disappointment, nor could I reproach myself for not having kept a better lookout, for even had I sighted her when she was in the west I should never have been able to make her see me. At the same time she had put a thought into my head, and it was this: That I would make a raft of the wood floating alongside, and prepare a great bonfire on it, which I would set ablazing when the night fell, and which, as I would make it huge enough to last for some hours, would furnish me with an infinitely better beacon than my green lantern, and greatly improve my chance of being discovered by any ship passing in the darkness.

This scheme took my fancy mightily, and I at once went to work to carry it out. I went forward and collected a number of spare lines, studding-sail halyards, etc., which I brought away from the raffle on the forecastle; these, and a sheath-knife that I found in the galley, sufficed for my job. I then took the end of the painter of the boat I had hoisted, and bent it on to the port fore-brace, so as to have plenty of scope; then lowered the boat and got into her, and unhooked her, and shoved her among the floating planks. The breeze was very light, as I have said, and the water under the lee of the brig perfectly calm, so there was no risk of my boat being injured by the plank ends.

I had soon made a raft strong enough to support me when I stood on it; and by lashing planks crosswise and decking them, and then lashing more planks athwart this deck and framing them, I constructed a raft that stood high out of water and was capable of carrying a great load.

This raft took me three hours to complete, and when it was done I hauled it alongside, and got on board the brig to rest myself, and stood looking at it with as much pride as I should have contemplated a ship I had built.

It was now three o'clock. There was plenty of time to chop up the wood, and pile the material for a bonfire; so I helped myself to a cigar from one of the boxes in the captain's berth, and mixed myself a glass of brandy, and carried it, with a chair and my telescope, to the top of the deck-house. In truth, having recovered my nerves, and my hard work having served me better than any physic could have done, I made up my mind not to permit any forebodings to dispirit me, but to keep my eyes steadily fixed on the bright side of my situation, and, above all, to have faith in God's providence.

I own that my heart came into my throat when I thought of my sweetheart, and the misery she would endure, not knowing whether I was living or dead; or, if living, what my sufferings were.

To get rid of the feeling engendered by this thought, I now went to work to get the raft ready for firing. I was determined to have such a blaze that any body, viewing it from a distance in the night, should imagine it was a ship on fire. I wanted a blaze to redden the air, so that it should be visible from the deck of a ship fifteen miles at least.

I had noticed a tar-bucket full of tar and water under the bowsprit when I was forward, getting the lines for constructing the raft. I now fetched it, and, on pouring off the water, found that two-thirds of the contents was tar; so, after sawing some of the planks into short pieces, I chopped them up, smeared them with tar, and laid them upon the raft. I then began to throw the planks over the side on to the raft, working with great energy and spirit until they stood as high as the bulwark. I got on to them, and made a wider distribution of them; and then regained the hull, and turned to and threw more planks over, raising many of them by means of the watch-tackle until the raft looked as big as a house. It was now within half an hour of sunset, and I had spent the whole day over this raft.

I had attended to the galley fire during the day, and went to get some tea, and after refreshing myself with a wash and making a good meal, I ascended as far as the main-royal yard with my glass to have a last look round before the sun went down. It proved a fruitless errand. This made me feel very bitter and melancholy, though I had not the least idea when I went aloft that I should sight a vessel.

I worked in this way with little intermission the whole morning, until the sea alongside was covered with the planks, and they lay bobbing there like a vast raft. I then knocked off, and after refreshing myself with a bucket of saltwater, I got some dinner and took the glass into the cross-trees.

I began, as was my custom, with the horizon that lay directly over the bows of the brig, and swept slowly and with careful scrutiny as far as the starboard beam; but when I had got as far as that, there stole into the field of the glass the upper sails of a vessel, the hull of which was below the water-line.

the eastern clouds, with the soft dappling of the blue between, while the sea—save where the sun's upper limb hung like a glowing ember, dashing the water beneath with a streak of rich red gold—was kept a delicate green by the running of the soft wind.

All this splendor died away quickly, and the shadows gathered, and as I turned to fetch and light my green lantern, I wondered how many more sunsets I was to witness alone.

I was in no great hurry to fire my pile, for, as I have written, there was no sail in sight, and though one should be now just below the horizon, yet it would take a good while for the breeze to bring her within the compass of the light. I now did what I had neglected to do on the previous night: I trimmed and lighted the binnacle lamp, as I did not know but that I might require to use the compass before the morning; I also hoisted the green lantern at the masthead, and lighted the cabin lamp, and I then filled a pipe and quietly walked to and fro the deck, for nothing remained to be done for the present.

The breeze was very light, still there was more of it than I had believed would follow the sunset; it kept the water rippling, and was what sailors would call a four-knot breeze. But it was a dark night—even darker than the previous night; the clouds intercepted the starlight, and their shadows hung black in the sea. My green lantern shone brightly aloft, and yet it was but a wretched little beacon for so spacious a scene.

However, as the air heeled, and it was past nine o'clock, I thought I would fire my raft at once, and take my chance of what might come of it; for it was not a thing to keep in tow for a better opportunity, as not only would a very little sea have swamped and tumbled it to pieces, but were a fall of rain to come I should never be able to get the wood to catch fire. Accordingly, slipping a handful of matches into my pocket, I hauled the quarter-boat along-side and got into her, and bent a rope's-end on to the raft, and towed her away from the brig so that the vessel might be clear of the flames.

When I had got the raft about three cables' length from the brig I threw in my oar, and let go of her, and, hauling the boat close along-side, set the raft on fire. There was no difficulty in doing this, for I had taken care that the ground tiers should be composed of small pieces of wood; and as these were well tarred, they were soon crackling and hissing, and spurting out long lines of steam. Seeing that the raft was fairly ablaze, I sculled back to the brig and got the boat under the davits, and hooked the falls in her. After a short hunt for the watch-tackle, I brought it aft and hoisted the boat up; and by this time the raft was all of a blaze. The planks were the right kind of wood to burn, and a mighty fire they made; as much smoke went up as out of a burning house, and the inky coil was alive with sparks. The fire roared like a gale of wind, and as the flames gathered force, and the lower strata of timber became huge glowing embers, they colored the sea under them a blood-red, and for half a mile round the water was lighted up, the ripples as they ran out of the black sea into the sphere of the fire becoming a sickly yellow, while every rope and spar and block of the brig was illuminated, and stood out against the dark sky as though a gilt-brush had been passed over them, and the shadows on the deck looked like black silk needle-work on the yellow satin of a Chinaman's court gown.

I stood for half an hour watching this fire, that grew greater and greater, as one by one the tiers of planks became dry and were ignited, while the deck-work of pines on which the timber was heaped was also ablaze, so that the whole red and flaming pile, burning on the very water's edge, looked like the head of some submarine volcano that was slowly forking out its incandescent summit, and was so interested by the sight that I did not notice the breeze had entirely failed, until I observed that there was a draught of wind coming direct from the opposite quarter by the smoke of the fire blowing right athwart the wreck.

I found no particular significance in this until, on going farther aft to get clear of the smoke, I saw that the sparks which floated on the huge black coil that the pines were vomiting up struck the rigging and spars, and hung glowing for some moments, while others sailed away over the sea on the starboard side of the brig, and sometimes whole showers flew through the spars of the vessel as though a rocket had exploded in the main-top.

I was now in a fine fright, for I not only feared that these sparks would set fire to the brig, but I could not doubt that the wind, such as it was, was slowly driving the huge fire-raft down upon the wreck—for the very flames acted as sails; and besides, the raft, floating on a flat bottom and offering a high surface to the wind, was bound to drift five feet to the brig's one.

Seeing that unless I could manage to get the brig out of the road of the raft she must be burned, I sprung forward, jumped into the fore-rigging, and with breathless haste lay out on the yard, and cut away the gaskets which held the foresail as fast as ever I could ply my knife. Fortunately, the raft gave me as much light as I needed, and this enabled me to work with great despatch. I then loosed the top-sail, for, although the upper portion of the top-mast was gone, and the yard could not be hoisted, I reckoned that even the folds of the canvas would offer some surface to the wind, and help to stir the sluggish hull. The wreck of the top-gallant mast hung up and down the foremast, but there was no time now to cut it away. I came down from aloft with such speed that it was lucky I did not break my neck, and hauled the fore-yard round as far as the condition of the mast would let it go; and so with the top-sail yard; and they swung far enough, for what wind there was was right abeam. I then got the fore-tack down after a fashion, and hauled the sheet aft, ran aft to the wheel and put it hard over, then got the main-stay-sail loose and hoisted that; and now I dared not do more, for as the brig had no head-sail it would have been madness to loose the main-top-sail, the effect of which must certainly have been to throw her up in the wind and deaden any progress the other sails might give her.

All this while the raft was drifting closer and closer; it was now not more than two cables' length distant. The smoke was pouring in such dense volumes right across the main-deck as nearly to suffocate me when I passed through it, and every now and again the fall of a flaming plank into the glowing hollow of the pile would send up a thick shower of sparks, and every moment I expected to see a flame shoot up aloft or on deck.

I can not express the dismay and horror that seized me as I watched the raft drifting down upon the hull, which the bearings of the fire showed to be motionless. It was true I could take refuge in the quarter-boat, but the idea of finding myself adrift on this great ocean in a small open boat was horrible to me. I cursed myself over and over again for my folly in firing this raft; for now, so far from it benefiting me as a beacon, it was likely to destroy me.

I was beginning utterly to despair, and, indeed, was about to leave the wheel in order to stock the boat with water and food, ready to launch her, when the flames suddenly leaped up with surprising brilliancy and energy, roaring at the same time like a wild beast, and the smoke drove down flat upon the water. A moment after, I felt the freshening breeze against my hot face; and, after a very short interval, the bearings of the raft shifted, and the fire veered toward the quarter. It was not above eighty yards distant, and the heat of it, with all that space between, was like the sun's at noon. This veering motion continuing, proved that the brig was forging ahead; and when, by the lifting and swelling of the canvas, as well as by the change in the position of the raft, this was proved beyond a doubt, I thought I should go mad with joy. I uttered a loud shout, and actually danced about in my transports. No language could convey my delight. After the frightful suspense, the relief, so to speak, was intolerable. I had to shout and dance to give vent to myself, so overwhelming were the emotions excited in me by this sudden deliverance from a horrid danger, which I had only a minute before thought inevitable.

And still I was not out of danger either, for the wind that was urging the brig was also impelling the raft with great rapidity, and it was now close aboard on the port quarter; and though I knew I should clear it, my transports were suddenly arrested by the long licking forks of flame which quivered and ran up in the air to the height of fifteen and twenty feet, and which threatened the stern of the brig as they leaned along the wind. And God knows whether I should have escaped after all, if it had not been that, just when the raft was so close that the heat of the flames drove me from the wheel, the under tiers gave way and the whole top weight fell with a crash, several of the flaming planks plunging with a fierce hissing into the water. The flames dropped, a great cloud of smoke soared up and passed over the stern of the brig, as though a fire had broken out in the after-hold. In a few moments the flames burst out again, and, like serpents disappointed of their prey, forked their long flaming heads many feet above the sea, with such glancings and leapings, and long, eager, forward writhings as the wind blew them salant like blades of India grass in a breeze, as might have scared the bravest man in the world to see.

But the danger was past. The raft had gone clear of the stern of the brig, and the steady though moderate wind was setting the glowing mass steadily away upon the starboard quarter.

I watched it for some time, until it was a quarter of a mile distant. In spite of a portion of the fuel having gone overboard, it was flaming grandly again, and was indeed a noble beacon—whirling the fire-sparks on high, and reddening the air all around it, and illuminating a wide area of the sea.

Now that the brig was safe from all risk of collision with the blazing raft, I thought if would be foolish to keep her under sail, and defeat the object I had in view in constructing the fire-raft by sailing away from it; so I put the helm down, and went forward and hauled down the staysail and clewed up the foretop-sail, first squaring the yards; and, by means of buntlines and leechlines and the other ropes which are attached to the large sails of vessels, I snugged the canvas as well as I could manage, and so left them ready for setting in the morning, should my beacon fail to attract any ship during the night.

I was desperately wearied, having done a great deal of hard work that day, and the excitement and terror aroused in me by the drifting of the raft had greatly added to my exhaustion. But I was so anxious to judge how long the raft was likely to remain burning that I determined to watch it for a spell; and, in order to keep myself awake, I mixed myself a bumper of brandy and filled a pipe, and went on to the top of the deck-house.

But nature was no longer to be denied; my head sunk on my breast, and I was startled out of a doze by my pipe falling on to the deck. As I stooped blindly to pick it up, I felt that sleep I must, let what would happen. The dew was heavy, and my health and strength too important to suffer me to lie on deck all night without protection. But before I entered the cabin I hauled down the lantern from the mast-head, trimmed it afresh, and ran it up again; and then, with another look at the raft, that resembled a solid ball of fire on the black water, I quitted the deck, took the bolster and mattress from the mate's bunk—being entirely free from, and, indeed, a great deal too wearied to feel, any superstitious qualms—and laid myself down on the deck close against the cabin door, ready for any emergency that might call me forth.

[Continued next week.]

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

Prevented Conkling From Uniting With the Democracy Five Years Ago—A Strange Story From New York.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—The Post to-day prints the following New York correspondence:

I just caught Hon. Lewis Lawrence, of Utica—reported the wealthiest man of that ilk and known to be Conkling's most devout worshiper—and by a dexterous twist at his egregious vanity, I managed to secure a good interview from the venerable gentleman. Mr. Lawrence said:

"You know that I know all about Conkling. I was with him at Washington all the winter of 1876-7, during the electoral commission, and dined with him daily. Our intercourse was of the most intimate character, and let me tell you that we learned most heartily to despise the republican ringmasters who hustled Hayes into an office to which he had never been elected. I knew as well as Conkling did that Hayes had never been elected, and always enjoyed his jokes about the spineless statesmen who were pushing him into office. One night I was with him in his room silently smoking while Conkling walked up and down like a raging lion. At last he broke out: 'Lawrence, I can't keep company with this riff-raff any longer. They are rotten with corruption, and, after having taken every thing else, they are bound to steal the presidency. Sherman reeks with plunder. Wheeler is a virtuous log-roller. Stanley Matthews would sell his soul for office. As for Hayes, he is simply a pious sneak, ready to give money to be president, and to drop on his knees in tears if caught at it. I have a great mind to get up in the senate and denounce the whole thing to-morrow, and call on honest republicans to give the election to Tilden, to whom you, as well as I, know it belongs.' I told him it would drive him into the democratic party, and he said, 'Let it drive; there are more gentlemen and fewer hogs than with us.' These were just his words, and as I happened to think of Governor Seymour just then, I thought so, too. Tom Spriggs came in soon after, and he said the same thing to him—ask Spriggs about it—and we thought the work was all done. But another influence which we could not reach then—a lady, I'm afraid—turned the Senator into a neutral. Now, let me tell you, Mr. Reporter, that a similar deal is going on now. I've been talking to Conkling to-day, and he has been damning the republican party up hill and down. He says—and it's true—that he created the republican party in this state, and himself alone carried the last four presidential elections by his good work at disputed points, and now they have no gratitude for him. They ought to have re-elected him unanimously, and now they hoggle over him like dogs over a bone. He said to me, 'Lawrence, if these curs don't come down and crawl at my feet, as they always have done, I'll accept the offer of democratic votes and become an independent with David Davis, and, mark my words, that will carry with it the democratic presidential nomination for 1884. What will that be by way of revenge?' I told him to do it. He has more friends to-day among the democrats than the republicans. Horatio Seymour is his brother-in law, and every influential democrat in central New York will be delighted to receive him into the party. I know that. I am certain that the community will be startled in a few days by the announcement that the democrats have joined forces with the stalwarts and returned Conkling and Kernan to the Senate. It will be a democratic team practically. Put that down for the next sensation!"

DRY VALLEY.

A refreshing rain this afternoon. Just what the White Burley men have been wishing for for a week.

Farmers are complaining a great deal in this section about having to replant so much corn.

The girls and boys are having some gay times playing croquet. It is a lively game and they all like it.

Lizzie says if she thought a young gentleman was coming to see her, and wanted to marry her, she would just hate him.

Well, Mr. Editor, the fishing party came off on Saturday last, and a gay time we all had. There were fifteen persons and we never "cotch" a fish—'cause we didn't try. You know we were all going to fish for dry land fish, but lo! and behold, Mr. Willah was not there, neither was Mr. Dannah. One poor heart was sadly disappointed in Mr. Dannah's absence, for she would not smile, and would not go and help us to explore the Penitentiary Cave, but went back to his home where she knew she would get to see and have a short chat with him. Poor Eva, I'm sorry he could not have been along, so you would have remained among us till we could all go home together. Some of the crowd fished, some climbed trees, some "sparked," and all save two (Miss Eva and Mr. Austin, who we suppose, were too refined to enter a hole in the ground), went in the cave, where we remained about two hours reading names that had been cut, smoked and written, some of which dated as far back as 1820-24-36, and so on, and the names that had been written with a lead pencil were just as plain as if they had been written only a few days instead of sixty years. The room is very large with a smooth, white ceiling from six to ten feet high in places. There is a spring and a small brook running down over the rocks, and the water is clear as crystal. ZOF.

MACKSVILLE.

Blessed are they that have the itch, for they shall know what a pleasure it is to scratch.

Just one pop, and Joe's soul is made happy.

"Shang High," if you have got any sand in your craw, why the deuce don't you crow again?

Hunts has become very frank. He was on a cold trail last Sunday, for he passed down the road singing, "I have lost my true love, and where shall I find her?"

Mr. Frank Coomes is dangerously ill with typhoid fever.

I wonder who "Susan Ann" is? I'll bet she is a daisy. They say she will charm the heart of a crowbar.

Dr. S. A. Catlin is making a woodland garden just across the road from his house for the benefit of the young folk to spend their leisure hours.

Consarn the fleas, they are as big as all git out and thick as goose-hair. I wish they could over learn how to don't. They ought to be choked till they are black in the face.

John's regular appointments at Mt. Zion are every Saturday night and Sunday. His text for last Sunday will be found in the one-eyed chapter of the two-eyed John, in the sixteenth place twenty-fifthly, "Blessed are they that are married, for they shall keep warm the coming winter."

Dodge, you are quite right. Pouts are the very worst. You can go most any place and you will see some one going around with their lips hanging down 33° below Niblo, and it is just as you say, it don't look so well either, especially for doctors and preachers to have 'em.

DIED.—For the want of breath, Mam's old bob-tail rooster. He fell from the rickety hen-roost and spoiled his appetite, soon lost his stomach, and died. Peace be to his ashes.

His number of years was just seven,
When the poor old fellow was called to die;
May he find rest in chicken heaven
In the sweet by and by.

PETER SKOOKS.

ROCK LICK.

Mr. Editor, as almost every neighborhood in the county has its regular correspondent to the NEWS, we take the liberty of sending a few items from this place, hoping they may prove acceptable to you.

Tobacco plants look well and are abundant, but the tobacco area this year will be unusually restricted in this section. The prices paid for the weed have been so small of late years that farmers find its culture very unprofitable, and are now turning their attention to other and more remunerative crops.

The prospect for a large peach crop is flattering.

Wheat, which suffered so much from the severe frosts of last winter, was looking well; and farmers were beginning to entertain hopes of harvesting a full crop, when along came the hot, dry weather and blasted the hope.

Mr. Editor, we heartily approve of the turnpike scheme, and hope that the people along the proposed route will please come forward and give their hearty support to an enterprise so much to their advantage. It is needless to say that property along its line would largely increase in value; that the vast ocean of timber along the entire route could be easily conveyed to market at a great saving in expense and time, and that the vast mineral resources entombed in the adjacent hills would be developed, thus giving a new impetus to enterprise and improvement.

The sawmill of Messrs. Hinton & Snider is in this vicinity, and is doing a flourishing business. Mr. Robert Snider, of the above named firm, narrowly escaped being badly crushed, one day last week, while putting logs upon the log-way. It appears that a large log was accidentally thrown from the pile, and rolled entirely over Mr. Snider, without, fortunately, seriously hurting him. And the engineer, Mr. John Burk, while edging some plank a few days ago, had one of his fingers cut almost off by being accidentally thrown against the rapidly revolving saw. ROCK LICK LITERARY CLUB.

ROSETTA.

Planting corn is all over in this vicinity.

Tobacco plants look fine.

Snakes and ticks are plentiful.

Where is Mr. Jeff keeping himself all this time? Poor little fellow, he is cook.

Miss Mollie M——, you must not sing so loud that you make the dogs howl.

Well, we are very much obliged to those ladies or gents, whichever they are, for passing such compliments on us as "the Rosetta tackies," but take part of it to yourselves.

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

A Free Press, a Free Ballot, and Free Speech, are the Birthright of Freemen.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch, first insertion.....$1 00
Each additional insertion..... 50
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J. D. BABBAGE, Publisher.

Good news to tell. We have a large crop of cherries. I counted them the other day, and there were just twelve.

Miss Sarah L—— is trying to turn to a Priest. Will she succeed?

We have heard that Mr. C B—— was a clerk, but he has got too grand for that. He is farming now.

A new fashion for wearing lung pads, for I heard a lady say that she wore hers around her knee.

Summer has come, and the flowers are in bloom, and somebody is going to marry, and that right soon.

Mr. George N—— don't like to talk with Miss Emma. He says that she looks so crabbed; but then Mr. L—— don't care.

Mr. Dick has a new suit.

Which is the worse, to stay at home and not go to church, or to go and sit up and make fun of an old gray-headed man who is bowed in prayer?

Of all the flowers, Mr. Tom M—— thinks Roses are the prettiest.

Look out, Miss Margaret; the old widow will talk faster than Mr. L——.

We would like to see those beautiful "May Flowers" come out once more.

GUESS.

CLIFTON MILLS.

The health of the people in this section is good at present.

The farmers are progressing finely.

Wheat has come out beautifully in the past two weeks.

The previous dry, cool spell of weather has stopped the growth of such things as corn, oats and tobacco plants, but it's turning off warm again, which will start the crops to growing rapidly.

We had a beautiful prospect for an immense quantity of fruit until some two or three weeks ago, when a violent storm of wind came and blew so much of the bloom off that it's going to cut our fruit crop short, except small fruits, such as cherries and plums, and they will be plentiful.

Hurrah for business! Buck Adkisson has moved his stock of goods into the old store at Clifton Mills, and I am told he's running the store and a millinery shop too. I say, go it ribbons.

Haysville and Big Spring may boast of their pretty girls, which doubtless is true. Well, ours are not so good-looking, but I will say that there can be found in two or three miles of our little town, as Tom says, some as good old plugs as ever bit a biscuit. Don't you say so, George? Yah.

Clif Haddock concluded the other day that he could not run his little branch of industry (dealing in pelts) by himself, so he thought he would see if he could get him a partner. He succeeded—got two, A. M. Glasgow and Thos. Adkisson.

It's getting about time for us to start up our Sunday Schools at Clifton and Walnut Grove, isn't it? I think so. Let's start up either a Sunday or a singing school, to keep those great big, over-grown boys from going fishing on Sundays.

Fred Wheeler is getting away with all the boys now. The girls have got to loving him as well as a hog loves cabbage, and he's such a profound blatherskite that he can attract the attention of all of them, and the other boys have to stand back, and the girls will ride to church and turn their horses loose—I'll say turn them loose, for it's the same—in order to walk home with him for dinner. Now, "Slippery Jim," if you can beat this kind of a fellow, I want to hear from you.

Mr. Blakey H——, have you sheared your little pet lamb yet?

Friday, May 20th, we worked our road from the bridge to the Shaw Hill, and finishing about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we saw we would have time to hold a little election for the purpose of choosing a road overseer, which was a laughable thing. The candidates were appointed, Willie Parr and Taylor Bandy, and then the electioneering began. Each voter saw it would be a close race, as they were both lazy, so each did all he could for his man. At last the election passed off calmly and smoothly, giving Willie Parr a majority of three, who, I think, will make them a good, harmless overseer.

It seems as if the Dry Valley fishing party was not very well known among the boys, as there were but three there. But there were a number of girls, enough to make the number up to fourteen in all. I have been told they met at the Dry-bed, and after fishing awhile, concluded to leave, enjoying themselves splendidly all the while—some with the intention of hunting a new fishing place, and some, I presume, thought they were going to the Penitentiary Cave. So they left the Dry-bed, and it was discovered that before they had gone far, there were but two or three in a crowd, and a great many of them, I think, went a-fishing on dry land, as they were seen passing through Clifton about sundown, with bouquets of flowers that do not grow in the woods. Among the number were seen Miss Eva Robertson and Austin Parks, who, I'm sure, had been in a nice flower garden there is in the neighborhood, for they had the nicest bouquet I've seen this spring. Well, there will be more about this, so I'll tell you who "cotch" Mr. Willah, and quit. Mr. Joseph Adkisson "cotch" him in his corn-field.

Rev. Thurman Richerson, of Hardin county, preached us a fine sermon at the Clifton church last Sunday. We truly hope we will get him to preach for us all this year.

Success and long life to the NEWS.

LISBON.

One line looks lone and solemn,
But two lines fill out the column.